

# Carmina Vestalia.

## BEING THREE EPISTLES

TO  
HARMONIA, CORINNA,  
AND  
SOPHRONIA, &c.

By a Person of Quality.

*Ab Jove Principium Musæ, Jovis omnia plena ;  
Ille colet Terras, ille mea carmina curæ.*

P. Verg. Palæmon.

To which are added several POEMS by another Hand.

### The CONTENTS.

- |  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. To Harmonia, Mrs. P—son.  | <i>the Espinette.</i>                 |
| 2. To Corinna, Mrs. B—ny.  | 9. Upon a young Lady leaving England. |
| 3. To Sophronia, Mrs. S—mes.   | 10. Upon the Death of Mrs. Anne P—ch. |
| 4. On the young Duke of Holstein, which I saw at the Academy in Holland, in the Year, 1692.  | 11. The VISIT.                        |
| 5. To a young Gentleman who recommended Sir Philip Sidney's Pembrooks Arcadia to my reading. | 12. Philomela.                        |
| 6. Thirsis and Corydon.  | 13. To make a Married Life happy.     |
| 7. To a young Lady who desired me to send her Pastor Fido.                                   | 14. A Dream.                          |
| 8. Upon a young Lady playing on  | 15. The Miseries attending Man-kind.  |
|  | 16. To Himself.                       |
|  | 17. On a Lady Stabbing her self.      |

L O N D O N:

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# EPISTLES



To *Cesaria* and her Sister,

**T**HE Design of these insuing Epistles was, at once to show the Misfortune of the Poet, and (by three Illustrious Virgins) the supreme Excellency of the Female Sex, in the glorious and elevated Rank of which, both Myrtilla and your self claim the highest respect, Homage and Adoration, that possibly can be paid to the Transcendent, and ingageing Charmes of Beauty, Innocence, or Goodness. Man in his first State in the delightful and exuberant Garden of Eden, where (as Milton expresses it) He was on every side surrounded with enormous Bliss; yet notwithstanding all those paradisaical Pleasures he enjoy'd, there was something still wanting to add too, and compleat his Happiness: Wherefore upon the mature and deliberate Thought of Heaven, what should this remaining part of his Felicity be, but the privation or absence of his afterwards? So admired Eue, and verily the best and greatest of Men in all Ages of the World, since the Times of the original Pair, have ever acknowledg'd as justly due the greatest difference to Your most beauteous Sex. For indeed, let the smaller Poets discant never so much on the Praise of Mau, or let the Orators by the Eloquence of the Chair, magnifie him to the highest Degree and pitch they are able, yet I will be bold to Affirm, Woman in Beauty does as far surmount and exceed Man, as the more pure and bright Regions above surpass these the more thick and gross here below. Kings have laid their Crowns, Princes their Scepters, and Generals their Wreaths at the Feet of the fair Cleopatra: Numa, (who instituted the Holy Fire) had his Mountain Nymph, and if I may be allow'd to say as much, it being my aim only (I assure you by Apollo and his silver Bow) to manifest the extream force and power of Beauty, Henry the Second of England had his admir'd Rosamond, and from whose very Room out of which she went to Woodstock Bower and was there Poisoned by Queen Elinor, I am now writing to you this Epistle, yet Cleopatra the delight of Emperors and joy of Kings was inferiour to; and had not envious Time (the mortal Enemy to all Beauty's) by placing these two lively Images of the Deity



at so great a distance the one from the other put it out of the reach and height of compare, Cleopatra surely might have borrow'd Charms from the more beautiful Cesaria, and Rosamond have supply'd with the clear shining Light and Fire of Myrtilla's Eyes, those of the yet infinitely more feeble and languid Flames of her own; nay, even the Grecian Hellen, were it possible for her to behold in these sweet Arcadian Groves, the noble and exquisite Form of the incomparable Cesaria, with the no less wonderful Myrtilla, would easily confess, and readily grant, that the united Charms of the whole fair Sex together, was immensely visible (in these two Virgin Sisters) nay, almost wholly consisted in Cesaria's and Myrtilla's Eyes: Wherefore fair Nymphs, may it please you to accept of, and Patronise these few Poems, and by the condescending to which request, you will greatly oblige him who is, with all imaginable Zeal, Sincerity and Respect, O immaculate Nymphs and fairest of all Women,

Your most Humble,

most Obedient,

and intirely Devoted

Servant and Vassel,

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CARMINIA



# Carmina Vestalia.

Being Three Epistles, &c.

To Harmonia, Mrs. P—son.

**O** SACRED Image of divinest Love,  
Emblem of those all-glorious Saints above,  
Which i'th bright, the purest Tracts of Heaven  
(move.)

\* Title of Venus.

As thine less melting were \* *Cyllenias* Charms,  
When *Cupid* slept within her tender Arms:  
Playing about the Hive, a Queen-Bee stung,  
His Finger, who complaining of the wrong.  
She kist the Wound, and prest him to her Breast,  
Where the God gently lean'd his Head to rest.  
Around her balmy Neck his Hands were laid,  
Pure as the Thought of an unspotted Maid.  
On whose soft Bosom lull'd in sweet delight,  
He sooth'd his pain, and vanquish'd all his fright.  
Once \* *Cytherea* Queen of Beauty reign'd,  
Tho' now *Harmonia's* Eyes the prize have gain'd.  
Ador'd through all the wide *Arcadian* Plain,  
Joy of the Nymphs, delight of ev'ry Swain.  
So exquisite her Form and Beauty is,  
That she in poppy Groves dispences bliss.  
Rejoyces all those Meads, where e're she treads,  
Makes Junkies smile; and Lupines bend their Heads.  
Toying with Nymphs, upon the flow'ry Green,  
When we *Harmonia* view, observe her Mein;  
Her words all Honey, and her Face serene.

\* Another of Venus her Titles.

The more we look, the more we all admire,  
 So dangerous it is t'approach the Fire.  
 Of sweet *Harmonia's* Eyes, more soft and bright,  
 Than all the glitt'ring Stars that shine by Night.  
 Directing Lovers in the pathless Grove,  
 Where they fulfil the Misteries of Love.

To you blest Nymph, form'd with the utmost care,  
 Of the same make, that brightest Angels are.  
 Whose Sacred Breast, was never seen to move,  
 And tho' all *Harmony* untouch'd to love,  
 I who through Seas and Desert Lands must go,  
 Where none the pow'r of Love, or Beauty know:  
 Unto rude Storms expos'd, and Winds which be,  
 No less unconstant, faithless as the Sea.

\* *Thalia* about  
 whom there is a  
 mighty power  
 and stir, is e-  
 steem'd by He-  
 god as one of  
 the Graces, but  
 by Homer as  
 one of the Mu-  
 ses.

\* *Thalia*, a Nymph of the inspir'd Train,  
 And Chief of them which on *Parnassus* reign ;  
 Begs your Assistance o're the wat'ry Main.  
 That you the Queen of Heav'n wou'd move by Prayer,  
 To take this Nymph into her sacred Care.

### To Corinna, Mrs. B—ny.

O Thou Celestial Nymph, within all bright,  
 Without thy form all-beautiful to the sight.  
 Than your snowy Breasts, not *April* Flow'rs are,  
 More lovely to the Eye, or half so fair ;  
 When they in all their glitt'ring Pomp appear.  
 Put on a *May-days* dress, serenely smile,

\* *A Country*  
*Nymph.*

As when \* *Aletta* did the Swain beguile.  
 Make glad those Banks those Shades where Lovers meet,  
 And words are melting as the Looks repeat.

\* *Honey-suckle.*

The Pink the \* *Wood-bind*, and the blushing Rose,  
 Which at the Spring, their beautiful Charms disclose.  
 Richly arraid, both pleasant seem and Gay,  
 While Morning Larks salute the rising Day.  
 The Nymphs and Swains in flow'ry Groves delight,  
 With Mirth the Day, in Dreams they lose the Night.

Then

The purple Vilers from innamell'd Beds,  
Breath forth sweet Odours and adorn the Meads.

Yet you bright Nymph ! at *Autumn* or at *Spring*,  
As Heavenly look, and as Divinely sing.  
With equal Lustre to your Eyes appear,  
And with your breath perfume the ambient Air.  
No adverse Storms o're cloud *Corinna's* Mind,  
From all Impurities of Sense refin'd.  
Chast as the Nymphs of the *Amorian* Grove,  
And tho' by Nature promoted unto Love,  
Yet all her Thoughts are govern'd from above.  
Never did sinful Passion yet molest,  
Or seize the calm and quiet of her Breast.  
The silver Girdle which surrounds her waste,  
Sweet as *Hymettian* Honey to the taste,  
Or Lovers kisses when they part in haste.

Since Heav'n to you has thus Indulgent been,  
Than whom a brighter Nymph no Eye hath seen ;  
Humble with all the Graces of a Queen.  
*Clio* a Nymph of the *Peotian* Spring,  
Where sacred \* Virgins unto *Phæbus* sing,  
Constrain'd to leave these sweet imbroider'd Groves,  
No more in Bow'rs to rest or play with Doves.  
The modest Nymph to you, herself applies  
For Beauty, Goodness, triumphs in your Eyes.  
Secure from raging Storms, and Winds at Sea,  
If you to Heav'n her Advocate will be.

The eight Muses  
her Sisters.

To Sophronia, Mrs. S—mes.

O Lovcly Nymph ! Of fair *Jesmenia* born,  
That with your sparkling looks these Vales adorn }  
( Which lately did the blest *Diana* Mourn, )  
Where Shepherds string their Lutes, and tune their Lays,  
To sing your Beauty and rebound your Praise.

Not *Eve* when she in Paradise did walk,  
Her Lord diversing with her pretty talk ;

( Of



( Of vernant Greens, and fundry pleasing Flow'rs,  
 Of manling Times and sweet ambrosial Bow'rs.)  
 That Bliss ineffable injoy'd are Sin,  
 Her Features spoil'd and sullid o're her skin.  
 As chaste *Sophronia* brighter Charms displaid.  
 A tender Virgin, and a Vastal Maid.  
 The pride of all the beauteous Female Race,  
 Woman in Form, but seraph in her Face,  
 As if by *Jove Sophronia* were design'd,  
 To be the gen'ral wonder of Mankind;  
 In Body bright, tho' brighter far in Mind.  
 Scarce Heav'n did ere a sweeter Nymph create,  
 In Look, and Mien, so perfectly compleat,  
 So vastly good, and so immensely great,  
 Free in Discourse, and easie of Access,  
 Courteous to all, and pleasing in Address.  
 As Lillies white, pure as the \* Springs her Breast,  
 Still as approaching Day, or *Haycyons* Nest;  
 But when she turns her lovely Head aside,  
 Extatick bliss! Is by the Swain discry'd;  
 The which, before her golden Tresses hide.

\* The sacred  
 Springs of the  
 Pierides or Mus.

Pardon me then (oh Nymph) that I your silent Hours,  
 Disturb, molest in still *Arcadias* Bow'rs,  
 As mild your Looks, as tender as those Flow'rs.  
 (On whose delicious Banks in soft repose,  
 You of't to Pinks your Virgin Charms disclose.)  
 That I from Contemplation, rapture do,  
 Your Mind divert to listen to my woe,  
 The fate *Erato* now, must undergo.

*Ovid* to *Pontus* was by *Cesar* sent,  
 That distance might, the Poets love prevent,  
 Yet *Lycidas* for certain words that are,  
 Seldom o'th wise Thought worthy of their care.  
 And at a time when from a rural Feast,  
 The Swain came whittled with a Glas o'th best.  
 Because the Curds did ill upon his stomach set,  
 That else conceiv'd no harm, and made him fret.  
 A prey is sent, the only Cause assign'd,  
 Why he this riggid Penance is enjoy'd.

Wherefore

Wherefore to you *Erato* humbly sues,  
 Darling of *Phæbus*, and a spotless *Muse*.  
 The Nymph afraid to venture on the Main,  
 Where blust'ring *Neptune* with the Sea-Gods Reign  
*Sophronia* begs in her behalf to move,  
 The bright Queen of Heav'n, and the Queen of Love.

*These Three Epistles were occasionally written by the Author when he thought to have made a Voyage to the Indies, but was prevented by Providence.*

On the young Duke of Holstein, which I saw at the  
 Academy in Holland, in the Year 1692.

O' formose puer nimium ne crede Colori.

**T**Hink not O charming Youth. Because you are,  
 As *Phæbe* bright, and as *Minerva* fair,  
 That Age the glory of your looks will spare.  
 Like springing blossoms which in Meadows grow,  
 When no rude Winds, but gentle Zephyrs blow.  
 A thousand Charms your Princely Eyes display,  
 Where *Cupid* wantons, and the Graces play.  
 All radiant are those sweet, those Heav'nly Cheeks,  
 Which ev'ry tender Virgins heart bespeaks.  
 When you for Loves Embraces shall be fit,  
 A Torch to *Venus*, or to *Hymen* light.  
 Not the bright \* Darling of the Gods above,  
 Rival of *Juno*, and delight of *Jove*.  
 Nor *Hylas*, whom the Nymphs would hug and kiss,  
 No harm conceiving in such tender Bliss.  
 Nay nor *Adonis* the delight o' th Groves,  
 His Iv'ry Neck more white than *Venus* Doves.  
 As you such melting blushes e're reveal'd,  
 Pure as the Rose, or Lilly of the Field.  
 Yet oh! Think not your Beauty always will,  
 The breasts of Nymphs with soft desire fill.  
 Vilets that flourish in the Month of May,  
 Ere *June* is past, upon their Banks decay.

\* *Ganymede*.

Beware then Royal Youth just Heav'n's pure Eye,  
 Will all the Secrets of your heart espy.

In ev'ry Act, O Prince, observe the end ;  
 And shun what ere may modesty offend.  
 A Jewel you of mighty worth possess,  
 Improve its Lustre but neer make it less.  
 Urg'd by some God if you attend on Fame,  
 May *Nassau's* glorious Deeds your Soul inflame.  
 Or if some Goddess from Heav'n's Battlements,  
 Love's secret Fire within your Breast foment.  
 O ! May some glorious Nymph, of stamp Divine,  
 Around your Neck ; her snowy Fingers twine.  
 And from your Loyns bright Goddesses be born,  
 To bless *Germania*, and her Groves adorn.  
 Whilst you at length on wide extended Wing,  
 To Heaven May mount, and with *Eliza* sing.

---

*To a Gentleman who recommended Sir Philip Sidney's  
 Pembrooks Arcadia to my reading.*

**T**HE Noble *Sidney* Great *Appollo's* Son,  
 (Who oft had bath'd in Streams of *Helcion*.)  
 The Author of that Book you so commend,  
 Justly deserves the Praises which you send.

The sacred *Bard* and *Genius* of his time,  
 Ancient some Words, his Thought and Style sublime.  
 But as with Fashions so with Words it is,  
 If new they please, if old we them dispise.

Much, of your Choice ( kind Sir ) I here approve,  
 For none like him Discounts, Treats of Love.  
 The Reader in that Wit at once may find,  
 Joy to the Soul, and Rapture to the Mind.

---

### *Thirsis and Corydon.*

*Th.* **C**ould *Thirsis* tell the pain which I endure,  
 Those many sighs that I have heav'd for her,  
 Could *Thirsis* tell the anguish of my Pain,  
 Surely the Nymph would not my love disdain.

*Co. Bright*



*Co.* Bright Innocence does in her Looks appear,  
And all the Graces seem to triumph there.

*Th.* Then how alas! is't possible that she,  
Whose Soul of so Divine a Mould must be,  
Can let a Lover spend his Days in Grief,  
And still refuse to grant him some relief.

*Co.* But pritty what Ear can she unto you give,  
If that in silent Shades and Groves you live.  
Is it not for the Nymphs to say they love,  
Or yet to Court that Swain which they would have.  
Abandon Grief, and to the Nymph disclose  
Your Pain, your Thoughts perhaps she may compose.

*Th.* Thanks to *Corydon*, to these Shades all Hail,  
Oft as you pipe, may you o're Nymphs prevail.  
I to the glorious *Thisbe* will repair,  
Than Lilly's and the blooming Rose more fair.  
But some bright Nymphs knowing their strength is great,  
Are yet more riggid than the Laws of Fate,  
For where they most are loved, they most will hate.

*To a young Lady who desired me to send her Pastor-  
Fido.*

**H**ERE what each Nymph so tenderly has said,  
Worthy the view of ev'ry spotless Maid.  
I in conformity to your commands,  
Have by \* *Antonio* sent unto your Hands.

\* A Page.

Flowry Meads, shady Groves, and purling Streams,  
The which invite the Sun's luxuriant Beams.  
And make him privy to those Acts of Love,  
Which by his bounteous warmth he doth improve.

Is what the Poet here discants upon,  
Sincere his Love, and innocent his Song.  
Yet lovely charming Fair, take this from me,  
Of all these Nymphs there's not a Nymph like thee.

*Upon a young Lady playing on the Espinette.*

**A** Fairer Creature Heav'n did ne'er create,  
Lo! Shining Angels all around her wait.

When

When ere the Goddess shakes the tuneful string,  
As pleas'd each *Seraph* claps his splendid Wing.

Ara'd in light they hover all around,  
So sweet her looks, so moving is the sound.  
If we such Glory in *Belinda* see,  
O how pure! How bright must Heav'n's shril Choir be.

Divine in Mein, and negligent in Dress,  
Her lovely Finger on the Key does press.  
The willing Notes she strikes both true and clear,  
At once the Charms and glads the Ear.

*Upon a young Lady leaving of England.*

**H**OW fading are the empty Joys on Earth,  
Ev'n sweetest Pleasures vanish in their Birth.  
The sparkling Sun, the Moon and Stars go round,  
Nothing thro' the wide Globe is constant found.

This lovely Nymph, a *Venus* in her Charms,  
Soft as her Eyes, and tender as her Arms.  
No longer now in *Britains* Isle will stay,  
But to remotest Regions flies away.

So once when Angels visited below,  
They unto Man their radiant Lustre shew.  
Yet least with Saints, he should familiar grow.  
They strait to Heav'n their glorious Forms withdraw.

*Upon the Death of Mrs. Anne P—ch.*

**H**OW large Mysterious is the Pow'r of Fate,  
Destroying still, oft as the Gods create.  
This Heav'nly Nymph pure as the Morning Star,  
Or bright *Aurora* in her glitt'ring Char.  
High Empress o'th Day, whose smiles command,  
More than the Scepter in a Monarch's Hand.  
Each od'rous Flow'r, the Vilet, Pink and Rose,  
To her the treasure of their Sweets disclose.

Whilst

Whilst gentle Swains lye slumbering in the Meads,  
 And ere the peaceful Flocks arise to feed,  
 Yet O! the Nymph that once appear'd so bright,  
 Set on her Charms in everlasting Night.  
 No more will the *Arcadian* Groves rejoyce,  
 Or bless the Meads with her harmonious Voice.  
 On the cold Earth that tender Bosomes laid,  
 Which to the Youth a Heav'n of blifs display'd,  
 When they at *Leu*, *Basset*, or *Omber* plaid,  
 All frozen are those Lambs, and Arms which must,  
 With her soft Fingers crumble into Dust.  
 Let therefore now this short Inscription be,  
 Grav'd on her Tomb for ev'ry Nymph to see.

*Dum iuga montis aper, flavios dum pisces anabit,  
 Dumque Thymo vassentur apes, dum rore cicadae,  
 Semper bonos nomenque tuum laudesque in anebus.*

Virg. Ecl. v.

### The VISIT.

ON a blest Eue when the mild *Daphnis* went,  
 And with *Aurelia* some gentle Hours spent.  
 That to the youthful Swain was ever kind,  
 Till fate Usurp'd the Empire of her Mind.  
 Noble *Floralia* with bright sparkling Eyes,  
 Rich in her Cloaths, and of a beautiful life,  
 Came smiling in, the Gamesters to surprise.  
 The Cards put up, each Chair was caus'd to move,  
 On which were wrought a thousand Tales of Love.  
 By chaste *Arcadian* Nymphs which all excell,  
 That on this solid Globe as Pilgrims dwell,  
 Their and our Doom are since old *Adam* fell.  
 Her Tippet from her Neck *Floralia* drew,  
 And to the Swain her naked bosome shew.  
 A Scene of blifs reveal'd more white than Snow,  
 Exceeding all our groveling Thoughts below.  
 A deal of pleasant Chat amongst them past,  
 How fair was *Celia* and how small her waste?  
 What handsom Swain a Virgins Heart posselt,  
 Who finely Danc'd, and who most nicely drest?  
 Yet oh! On Earth the greatest Blifs we find,  
 Is but two Minutes or few Days confin'd.

D

The



The Night advanced, nor could *Floralia* stay,  
 She rose she took her Fan and went away,  
 When I and chaste *Amelia*, fell to play.

## PHILOMELA.

When glorious *Sol* had quit the crimson East,  
 And gently drove his Chariot to the West.  
 Fair *Philomel* within a shady Bow'r  
 Sat making Nodgays of the *Jesmin* Flow'r.  
 Pleased with her soft retreat, the lovely Maid,  
 Upon the Bank her Gloves and Tippet laid,  
 Where sparking *Jacinths* with the *Lillies* twine,  
 Bright as those Gems which ore Mount *Atna* shine.  
 Oft as the Queen of Night ascends her Throne,  
 Visits the Groves and casts her Influence down.  
 The Nymph fearing no harm divinely Sung,  
 Hymns chaste *Atonena* to her Throbbes strung,  
 Whilst all her Hair and Garments loosely hung,  
 Each wanton *Zephyr* with the muslin plaid,  
 Which on her smooth and snowy Bosome laid.  
 Yet oh! when chearful Birds begun to sing,  
 Hopping from Bough to Bough, and Spring to Spring.  
 When the wide Plain, each parly Mead was still,  
 And Turtles with their Mates would Coo and Bill.  
 A Youth well drest, but of a haughty Mein,  
 That oft at Seiges, and at Fights had been.  
 Fearing no Colours, where the Prize was Love,  
 Boldly he stept into the *Cyprian* Grove.  
 The Nymphs to gather *Primroses* were gone,  
 That Day, and left fair *Philomel* alone.  
 The charming Nymph surpris'd—to see a Man,  
 Ne'er staid to take her Tippet, Gloves, or Fan,  
 But hastily from out the Arbour ran.  
 (Nodgays and Flow'rs there in abundance fell,  
 From of her fragrant Lap) that cou'd not tell;  
 Which way to go, incompas'd all around,  
 With Dangers thick, as *Vilets* on the Ground.  
 A thousand ways the Nymph essay'd! at last,  
 She took her heels, but ran so mighty fast.  
 That quickly she was out of breath, and fain  
 To loose her Stays, or she had dy'd with pain.

Bright

Bright *Juno* then, of her Compassion took,  
 Grieving to see how *Philomela* shook  
 With fear, sent down a blest'd Celestial Maid,  
 That from the Grecian Youth the Nymph convey'd.

*To make a Married Life happy.*

A Brisk young Wife, who did a Fortune bring,  
 Proves to her Husband a vexatious Thing;  
 Yet those advantages to him she gives,  
 By her, in his Posterity, he lives.  
 She takes of him, when sick, a prudent Care  
 In his misfortunes bears an equal share;  
 To her, for ease, he does his Grievs impart,  
 Her pleasant Converse often cheers his heart;  
 And when (if she survive) he ends his Life,  
 She does the Office of a pious Wife;  
 Set these against her Ills, and you will find,  
 Reasons to quiet your uneasy Mind.  
 But if you'll strive her temper to reclaim,  
 Slight these good Things, the bad expose to shame,  
 And no Compliance to her humour lend,  
 To your vexations ne'er shall be an end.

*A D R E A M.*

ONE Night, with sleep my Senses being oppress'd,  
 Fixt on that Thought, which still o'er rul'd my Breast.  
 In Mourning dress, with silence did appear,  
 She of her Sex was to my Soul most dear.  
*Cynthia*, methought, I said, and gaz'd a while,  
 Where's thy accustom'd Look, and chearful Smile;  
 What sad occasion thus disturbs thee now,  
 And hangs that gloomy sadness on thy Brow.  
 She only sigh'd, and off'ring to depart,  
 I snatch'd her Hand, and laid it to my Heart;  
 And whilst I in this trembling Rapture stand,  
 She took, and held me by my other Hand.  
 I thought my Heart 'twixt Joy and Grief would break;  
 Adding with Tears, my Dear, I prithee speak,  
 And grasp'd her fast, she struggling to be gone,  
 Till wak'd; but then I found my self alone.



*The Miseries attending Mankind.*

**O**H Misery of Mankind! For at the Bar  
 Are Strifes and Quarrels; at our Houses Care,  
 In Fields hard Labour, Dangers on the Sea;  
 Who Travels rich, can ne'er from Fears be free.  
 Grievous is want; Marriage eternal Strife:  
 A single, is a solitary Life.  
 Children bring Care and Trouble, to have none,  
 The Happiness of Wedlock is not known.  
 Our Youth, is Folly e'er we can grow wise,  
 We're Old, and loaded with Infirmities.  
 So we may wish, who have the Experience try'd;  
 That we had ne'er been born; Or, soon as born had dy'd.

*To HIMSELF.*

**W**HEN fumes of Wine ascend into my Brain;  
 Care sleeps, and I the bustling World disdain,  
 Nor all the Wealth of *Cressus* I esteem,  
 I sing of Mirth, for Jollity's my Theme.  
 With Garlands, I my ruby Temples Crown,  
 Keeping rebellious Thoughts of business down,  
 In Broyls, and Wars, while others take delight,  
 I with choice Friends indulge my Appetite.  
 Then fetch more Bottles, boy, and Charge us round,  
 We'll fall to *Bacchus*, Victims on the ground;  
 Nor value what dull Moralists have sed,  
 I'm sure 'tis better to be Drunk, than Dead.

*On a Lady Stabbing her self.*

**A**Lady Inflam'd with Anger, Grief and Shame;  
 Despising Life, yet careful of her Fame,  
 Wounds her fair Breast, tho' arm'd with Innocence,  
 Could suffer Death, but could not the Offence.  
 Her Steel was sharp, her End with Glory Crown'd,  
 She sought Revenge, and valu'd not the Wound,  
 This to appeas'd her Rage, that being Dead,  
 She look'd like one reveng'd not Injured.  
 'Twas Beauty sinn'd, (said she,) then let it dye,  
 That forc'd me to this last Extremity;  
 Were't not for Beauty I had guiltless been,  
 For it was That made lustful *Targuin* Sin.  
 So I to Violence a Prey was made,  
 No Tears avail'd when Virtue was betray'd.  
 Haughty he was, my Beauty proud as he,  
 They made me Slave, but thus my self I free.

*F I N I S.*

Note, There will shortly be Publish'd by the same Author a Panegyrick in Verse, together  
 with some other Poems.

